That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Morina*: ſo
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as given, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which never ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her,
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou are reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina

Mar. No, I will robb
greene with Flowers: th
lets and Marigolds, ſhall
while Summer dayes dot
a tempeſt, when my mo
laſting ſtorme, hurrying

Dion. How now *Mar*
How chance my daughter
Doe not conſume your bl
You have a Nurſe of me.
Chang,d with this unprof
Come give me your flowe
Walke with *Leonine*, the
And it pierces and ſharper
Come *Leonine* take her by

Mar. No I pray you, Ile

Dion. Come, come, I
ſelfe, with more than forw
here, when he ſhall come
thus blaſted. Hee will rep
blame both my Lord and
your beſt courſes. Go I pra
againe; reſerve that excel
eyes of young and old,
Care not for me, I can goe

Mar. Well, I will goe,

Dion. Come, come, I kn
Walke halfe an houre *Leo*
Remember what I have ſa

Leon. I warrant you Ma

Dion. Ile leave you my
ſoftly, doe not heate your
you.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.